

May 29 - 1918.

Well mother dear, I am writing again after a three days interval, which could not be helped. I have been through the hardest three days and nights of my life but I expect to have a lot more like them. For more than 72 hours I never saw my bed, nor even stretched out for a nap, but was working like a fiend every minute. I have just had some most refreshing sleep however, and am feeling like a top at the present time. I wish I could tell you all about it, but I can't. All I can say is, it has been worse than I ever dreamed it could be and of course this is not as bad by far as it is in

other places. But through it all is the same perfectly wonderful and indomitable spirit of our men. Pluck, grit and courage are not words, that express it - they are simply all heroes, and they don't know it.

To illustrate: this morning two Americans were brought in badly wounded one of them severely. While they were lying in the receiving room a wounded Boche was brought in. One of the men looked at him, and then began to grin in spite of his pain, and turning to his friend said "Bill, that's



the one you got". Bill said "The hell it is" and although he was severely wounded, sat bolt upright to get a look, and you never saw a happier grin in all your life. This whole affair is a great big lark for these men. It actually seems as if they would rather fight than eat, and my God, what fighters they are!

It has been almost two weeks since we have received mail from home. There is some good reason for it I know but no doubt it will all come piling in at once and then I will have a wonderful time reading letters from you dear. I am not going to be able to write very much in this one, I can see, for work is beginning to come in thick now, and I expect to be called at any moment.

It is still perfectly beautiful weather and is apparently going to continue so for some time. I was pleasantly surprised yesterday by a visit from Major Torrey and Capts. Spitzley and Hirschman, all Detroit doctors whom you know.



They are all located with the  
Harper unit and tell me  
that Jeanette's brother is a  
fine soldier and exceedingly  
well thought of in the outfit.  
Dr. Hirschman is the one  
who is in the same office  
with Guy Kiefer, you will  
remember. It seemed good  
to meet someone from home  
and they were as glad to  
see me as I was to see them.

As you no doubt know, an  
order is out now, forbidding  
the mailing of any packages  
from the States whether by  
O.K.'s request or not, so I  
will have to make up my

mind to get along without  
a lot of things. But Gramps  
don't think for one minute  
that we are suffering. We  
are having wonderful food  
under the circumstances,  
and in every way are perfect-  
ly comfortable and well cared  
for. So you must not  
worry at all dear. The  
only thing I do crave is candy  
and soon we are going to  
be able to buy all the Amer-  
ican candy we want at the  
Commissary so we will be  
happy in that respect. Well  
dear, it has come. I have



to go to the operating room and go to work. So I will close this letter now and write you more this evening or tomorrow, and I know you understand why I had to miss three days in writing. It was absolutely unavoidable.

I want you to take each of my darlings and give them a good hug and loving kiss for me. Tell them Dad is loving them every minute of his life. Same to Ted, and tell her to stay home. Give my regards to Mary and Margaret. All the

love that is left in the universe I send to you. I love you darling, I love you. I long to see you so, and am so lonesome for you, but we must be patient and brave, and soon this will be over. God bless you dearest girl and keep you well and strong. Be happy and brave and don't worry. For I am all right and "finer in frog's hair". I love you sweetheart.

Daddy,

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